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A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

There is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my School-masters," where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His school-boy days had been days of some work, but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions, and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, the school-boy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—hove in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of labor and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning till night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment, seemed to be a dire one, and fain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon, and give his benediction to honest, homely labor, with her horny hands and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their living treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning mill, and toil there till eight at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre, after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training, both for mind and body, and had prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the irksome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately, instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the



CLARICE.

EASTER.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

Clarice with the tender eyes,
Fair, and sweet, and full of hopes
As birds of summer-tide;
Clarice filling daily needs
With little petty, toilsome tasks
Around the fireside.

Sweet and pure the maiden's heart,
Like to river clear and free
Ran life's melody
Through the household as she sang;
Merry trill now high and clear,
Then so tenderly.

Unto all things true she was;
Each new day, with gay content,
Like the flowers she grew;
And earth smiled thro' summer sun,
And rains fell, and winter snows,
And Clarice bloomed anew.

But one day her heart awoke,
Tender heart so strong and true,
And Clarice looked within.
"Ah, dear Christ," she murmured low,
"Little am I, faint and weak,
Very full of sin.

"Make me, doing service grand,
To fulfil thy work somewhere."
So did Clarice pray.

And the earth smiled on, and sun,
Sky and bird and tree rejoiced;
And 'twas Easter Day.

Low an undertone of peace
Fell upon the young girl's soul
In a rhythm divine:
"In no grand work breathing fame
Do I call that you should prove
You are child of mine.

"Nay; but if each day you show
In the home I gave to you
Love's sweet servitude
I will give you pledge divine
Of your royal heritage."
Ceased the interlude.

Clarice fell upon her knee,
Bowed her soft hair like a veil;
Glad she was to pray.
"Loving Thee, I yield my will;
Other offering have I none
On this Easter Day."

And the earth smiled on,
Waking to the tender touch
Of new-blooming spring.
But the fairest flower of all
Was our Clarice, interweaving
Love in everything.

—Wide Awake.

causes that give rise to useless trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of irksome labor in youthful days. No greater curse can well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular protracted labor, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here!—Prof. Blairie.

I WILL WAIT HERE.

In early life I was trained to be temperate, chaste, and honest, to pray, to read the word of God, and to keep the Sabbath. I determined to engage in some mercantile business, for which purpose I visited the city of Baltimore. I had not an acquaintance on my arrival there, and but a few dollars to pay my expenses. On going to my room alone, my thoughts were: "I am in a strange city, far from home, without a friend, surrounded by dangers of every kind. I have my character and reputation as a professing Christian to maintain against fearful odds. What shall I do? I will do this. I here promise never to drink a drop of spirituous liquor as a beverage, or to be found in any place where I should be ashamed for my father and mother to see me; and I will look to the Lord in every trial to make a way for my escape." Then, kneeling down, I asked the Lord to help me keep my promise. I did not then know how soon the trial was to come. The next evening I was invited by two of my new acquaintances to take a walk to see the city, and, being unacquainted with the city, was glad to accept. After passing several squares we came in front of what was called the "Green House," into which it was proposed we should go. I inquired, "What kind of a place is this?"

"The Green House," they said; "only an oyster saloon."

"You may go in, and I will wait here for you," I replied.

"Come in, come in," they exclaimed; "we will not stay two minutes."

"No," I replied; "you go, if you wish, and I will wait here five minutes for you (looking at my watch); but, if you are not out by that time, you will not find me here." I waited that space of time, and then returned to my hotel. That night one of those young men was brought in from the gutter, into which he had fallen intoxicated. I watched his downward course for several years, until I learned that a wave dashed him from the deck of a ship, and he perished. The last that I heard from his comrade was that he, too, was fast sinking into a drunkard's grave. In Baltimore I soon obtained a situation, and at once gave it my undivided attention, and have now pursued the same business more than thirty years. To the present time the promise I made is still unbroken; and largely to it, through the help of the Lord, I owe my success and escape from the snares into which I have seen so many fall.—H. C. L., in *Christian Advocate*.

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